TRAVELS OF A THIMBLE. Found in a Man's Shoulder Forty Years After It Was Swallowed.

From the San Francisco Call.

Lucillus Miller, who for a long time re

sided in this city, believes he is carrying in his left shoulder a sliver thimble that

California State Prison-Was

Thought to Be Iusane.

Edward J. Cunningham was released from San Quentin yesterday, after serving a sentence of six years for burglary committed in Orange county, and with his liberation there passed from the prison walls one of the strangest characters that ever wore the striped garb of the peniten-

spoke to han, but no buy grained. Once outside the prison gate Cunningham made up for lost time. He condemned every one around the prison for his confinement. When asked how he managed to control himself and preserve an unbroken silence for so many years he angrily replied that he had no explanation to make

Welcome, She Died.

"The Shaker communities are recruited from outside. It has not been an uncom-mon instance where father and mother and children have united with these people, and all lived as brothers and sisters there-after.

A Sensible Woman's Club.

"What was it I heard about your new cook?" I asked a woman I knew day be-

fore yesterday.
"I can't tell you,"she said. "I can't talk about it."

n the Cincinnati Enquirer.

he had no explanation to make

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

THROUGH DEATH VALLEY

WOMAN'S STORY OF A TERRIBLE TRIP OVERLAND.

For the First Time Since 1850 Mrs. Julia Brier, the Only Woman of the Expedition, Relates Her Experiences.

Prom the San Francisco Call.
I don't know how to tell you about our struggie through Death valley in 1849-50, and the Christmas we spent amid its horrors. I never expected to say anything about it for a newspaper. I was the only woman in the party-Mr. Brier, our three boys, Columbus, John and Kirk, the oldest being 9 years, and two young men, St. John and Patrick, made up our "mess,"

us we called it.

We reached the top of the divide be tween Death and Ash valleys and, oh, what a desolate country we looked down into. The next morning we started down. The men said they could see what looked like springs out in the valley. Mr. Brier was always ahead to explore and ind like springs out in the valley, Mr. Brier was always ahead to explore and find water, so I was left with our three boys to help bring up the cattle. We expected to reach the springs in a few hours, and the men pushed ahead. I was sick and weary, and hope of a good camping place was all that kept me up. Poor little Kirk gave out, and I carried him oh my back, harely seeing where I was going, until he would say, "Mother, I can walk now." Poor little fellow! He would stumble on a little way over the saity marsh and sink down, crying, "I can't go any farther." Then I would carry him again, and soothe him as best I could.

Many times I felt I should faint, and as my strength departed I would sink on my knees. The boys would ask for water, but there was not a drop. Thus we staggered on over saity wastes, trying to keep the company in view and hoping at every step to come to the springs. Oh, such a day! If we had stopped I knew the men would come back at night for us, but I didn't want to be thought a drag or hindrance.

Lost on the Pinins.

Lost on the Pinins.

Night came down and we lost all track of those shead. I would get down on my knees and look in the starlight for the ox tracks, and then we would stumble on. There was not a sound and I didn't know whether we would ever reach camp or not.

About midnight we came around a hig rock and there was my husband at a

rock and there was my husband at a small fire.

"Is this camp?" I asked.

"No; it's six miles farther," he said.
I was ready to drop and Kirk was almost unconscious, moaning for a drink.
Mr. Brier took him on his back and hastened to camp to save his little life. It was 3 o'clock Christmas morning when we reached the springs. I only wanted to sleep, but my husband said I must eat and drink or I would never wake up. Oh, such a horrible day and night!

We found hot and cold springs there and washed and scrubbed and rested. That was a Christmas none could ever forget.

Music or singing? My, no. We were too far gone for that. Nobody spoke very much, but I know we were all thinking of home back East and all the cheer and good things there. Men would sit looking into the fire or stand gazing away silently over the mountains and it was easy to good things there. Men would sit looking into the fire or stand gazing away silently over the mountains, and it was easy to read their thoughts. Poor fellows! Having no other woman there, I felt lonesome at times, but I was glad, too, that no other was there to suffer.

The men killed an ox and we had a Christmas dinner of fresh meat, black coffee, and a very little bread. I had one small biscuit. You see, we were on short rations then and didn't know how long we would have to make provisions last. We didn't know we were in California. Nobody knew what untold misery the morrow might bring, so there was no occasion for cheer.

Bound to Go On.

Fred Carr said to me that night: "Don't you think you and the children had better remain here and let us send back for

ter remain here and let us send back for you?"

I knew what was in his mind. "No," I said. "I have never been a hindrance, I have never kept the company waiting, neither have my children, and every step I take will be toward California."

Then I was troubled no more. As the men gathered around the blazing campfire they asked Mr. Brier to speak to them—to remind them of home—though they were thinking of home fast enough anyway. So he made them a speech.

When we reached the Jayhawkers' camp they were about to burn their wagons and pack their oxen to hurry along. That made us still gloomier, but none complained. The men realized that to stop cr go back meant death, and they determined to struggle on while strength and life lasted, trusting to-morrow to bring them to the land of plenty. Then we struggled through the salty marsh for miles and miles. Oh, it was terrible. We would sink to our shoetops and as water gave out we were nearly famished. I have heard since that Governor Blaisdell, of Nevada, found our tracks there twelve years later and still encrusted in the hardened salt.

Reached the Mountains.

Reached the Mountains.

A march over twenty miles of dry sand brought us to the foot of the mountains, with hope almost gone and not a drop of with hope almost gone and not a drop of water to relieve our parched lips and swollen tongues. The men climbed up to the snow and brought down all they could carry, frozen hard. Mr. Brier filled an old shirt and brought it to us. Some ate it white and hard and relished it as though it was flowing water, but enough was melted for our frenzied cattle and campuse

melted for our frenzied cattle and campuse.

Here we lived on jerked beef and miserable pancakes. Some of the company told us they were going to leave their cattle, bake up their provisions and push ahead as a last resort. Dr. Carr broke down and cried when we would not go back to the springs. I felt as bad as any of them, but it would never do to give up there. Give up—ah, I knew what that meant—a shallow grave in the sand.

We went over the pass through the snow into what they named Panamint valley, and found a described indian village among the mesquite trees. We were rejoiced by seeing hair ropes and bridles



good general and local health, she will have a child with a robust health, she will have a child with a robust body, an alert brain and vigorous health. You cannot expect such a child from a weak, sickly, nervous, despondent woman, who is broken down by derangements and disease of the distinctly feminine organs. A woman in that condition is almost sure to have a puny, sickly, peevish baby. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best preparation for motherhood. It relieves maternity of its dangers, and of almost all its pain. It restores the delicate and important organs that bear the brant of maternity to perfect health and strength, and assists the regular and healthful performance of all the natural functions. It barishes the ailments of the critical period, and makes baby's debut easy and almost painless. It insures the little new-comer's health. Thousands have testified to its merits. Good medicine dealers sell it, and no honest druggist will insult your intelligence. no honest druggist will insult your intelli-gence by urging noon you something else as "just as good." The "just as good" kind is dear at any price.

Mrs. F. B. Caintings, of No. 4220 Humphrey Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I am now the happy mother of a fine, healthy baby girl. I feel that your 'Favorite Prescription' has done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I took three bottles of the 'Prescription,' and the consequences were I was only in labor forty-five minutes. With my first baby I suffered eighteen hours, and then had to lose him."

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and horse bones, thinking we had reached civilization. The men ahead however, could only report more sand and hills. After two days here we struggled away into the desert, carrying all the water possible. We grew more fearful of our provisions and watched each mouthful, not daring to make a full meal. Coffee and salt we had in plenty. The salt we picked up in great lumps in the sand before coming over the last mountains. Our coffee was a wonderful help and had that given out I know we should have died.

A Gloomy New Year's.

New Year's day was hardly noticed. We spent it resting at the head of Pana

New Year's day was hardly noticed. We spent it resting at the head of Panamint valley. Sometimes we went south and again north, not knowing whether or not we should get out of that death hole of sand and salt. On January 6 two of our mess decided to leave us and take their provisions.

These men-Masterson and Crumpton-owned the only flour we had, so they baked up their dough, except a small piece, which I made into twenty-two little crackers and put away for an emergency. Then with tearful eyes they gave us their hands, with averted faces, and turned away without a word. That was our last bite of bread until we reached San Francisquito ranch, six weeks later. From that of my husband and I and the poor children and St. John and Patrick lived on coffee and jerked beef, except when we killed an ox for a new supply. Even then there was not an ounce of fat in one and the marrow in their bones had turned to blood and water.

Did I blame the men for leaving us as they did? Oh, it happened so long ago I can hardly tell now—and they felt that they ought to try to save their own lives. The valley ended in a canyon with great walls rising up—oh, as high as we could see, almost. There seemed no way out, for it ended almost in a straight wall. I know many of the company never expected to leave that narrow gorge. By that time most of them could hardly stagger more than a few steps at a stretch; some were beyond even that. Mr. Brier managed to keep erect with the ald of two sticks. Providence was with us that awful night, or the morning would have risen on the dead.

Found a Little Water.

Seeping up from out the sand Mr. Brier found a little water, and by digging the

Seeping up from out the sand Mr. Brier found a little water, end by digging the company managed to scoop up about a pint an hour. Coffee and dried beef kept us alive till morning, but the moaning of the suffering cattle was pitiful. At daylight we managed to reach the lowest bench of the cliff by holding to the cattle. Father Fish came up by holding to an ox's tail, but could go no farther. That night he died. I made coffee for him, but he was all worn out. Isham died that night, too.

It was always the same—hunger and thirst and an awful silence, so I'll just tell of one or two more experiences.

Everybody, knows how the company went across the Mojave desert and finally reached San Francisquito ranch. Our greatest suffering for water was near Horax lake. We were for forty-eight hours without a drop. A mirage fooled us. We went to bed hoping against hope.

In the morning the men returned with the same story: "No water."

Even the stoutest heart sank then, for nothing but sagebrush and dagger trees greeted the eye. There were walls and lamentations from lips that had never murmured before. My husband tied little Kirk to his back and staggered ahead. The child would murmur occasionally. "Oh, father, where's the water?" His pitiful, delirious walls were worse to hear than the killing thirst. It was terrible. I seem to see it all over again. I staggered and struggled wearly behind with our other two boys and the oxen. The little fellows bore up bravely and hardly complained, though they could barely talk, so dry and swollen were their lips and tongues. John would try to cheer up his brother Kirk by telling him of the wonderful water we would find and all the good things we could get to eat. Every step I expected to sink down and die. I could hardly see.

At last we come upon two Germans of the company, who had gone ahead. They were cooking at a tiny fire.

"Any water?" asked my husband.
"There's vasser." one said, pointing to a muddy puddle.

The cattle rushed into it, churning up the mud, but we scooped it up and

shallow grave with their knives and laid him to rest.

Father Fish said he thought the Lord would bring him through because he came in such a good cause. He intended to raise enough money to pay off his church debt, in Northern Indiana.

Then there was Gould. He would pick up everything the rest threw away, until he had so much that Mr. Brier gave him an ox to carry his load. Gould repented and had a most happy conversion out in the desert.

and had a most happy conversion out in the desert.

Before the bread gave out one man. Croker, who was in our party, complained of the short eliowance of bread. I told him we must cave it as long as possible and he said with an oath that he would have it while it lasted. "You shall." I said, "but that won't be long," and it wasn't. Then he left our mess. Before we were through that journey I heard that man begging for even the entrails of a crow.

Did I nurse the sick? Ah, there was little of that to do. I always did what I could for the poor fellows, but that wasn't much. When one grew sick he just lay down, weary like, and his life went out. It was nature giving up. Poor souls!

Reached . Ranch. So we went on and on until the morn-ing we arrived at San Francisquito ranch.

So we went on and on until the morning we arrived at San Francisquito ranch. Oh, that was a beautiful morning. Just before this the men had killed a wild mare and two colts and the company ate the meat with a relieh, but it tasted too sweet. This morning, February 12, 1850, the sun was bright and the grass and flowers seemed like a paradise after the awful sand and rocks of the desert. One of the men shot a hawk and another a rabbit and we were preparing to have a feast on them, when we heard more shooting ahead. The wind blew toward us the sound of lowing cattle and we were in great wonder. The Jayhawkers came rushing back with dilated eyes, saying they had seen ten thousand head of cattle and wagon tracks and believed we were near a farm. Oh, what an excitement came over us! Soon we came up to where the Jayhawkers had killed some cattle and saw thousands of head all rourd, and the men eagerly cut off pieces of the warm, raw meat, ready to devour it, when an old Spaniard and some Indian vaqueros came galloping up on fine horses.

Our men expected trouble and held their guns ready. The Spaniard was amazed at our appearance, I suppose. We looked more like skeletons than human beings. Our clothes hung in tatters. My dress was in ribbons, and my shoes hard, baked, broken pieces of leather. Some of the company still had the remains of wornout shoes with their feet sticking through, and some wore pieces of ox hide tied about their feet. My boys wore oxhide moccasins.

Patrick knew a little Spanish, and said to the Spaniard, pointing to Mr. Brier, Patrick knew a little Spanish, and said to the Spaniard, pointing to Mr. Brier. "Padre.

The old man took off his hat, bowed and said in a broken voice, "Poor little Padre!" He led us up to his house, and the old lady there burst out crying when she saw our condition. They were very kind and cooked us a grand feast, killing the finest animal among their cattle in honor of the "Padre."

Our stomachs were too weak to digest the solid food, and we nearly died in fearful agony after eating so heartily.

In the midst of our awful pain Dr. Irving, of Loe Angeles, happened along and by the use of medicines relieved us. But for him some would have died, for the men were rolling in fearful pain, all bloated, on the ground. We rested at the ranch, and then traveled on to Los Angeles without trouble, being aided all the way.

lit was like coming back from death into life again. It was a long, long, weary walk, but, thank God, He brought us out of it all.

Miss Ellen Terry finds a little sleep in the afternoon very soothing to her nerves. The only way that she can secure it. without having recourse to opiates, is to have someone read aloud to her in a low, lulling and

THE RECENT TRANSFORMATION OF THE ALASKAN COAST.

Bogosid and Grewingk Islands Are Now Disappearing-Volcanic Ash in the Yukon Country Used in Cabin Construction.

The recent volcanic outbreak in the Atlin district, near the headwaters of the Yukon, emphasizes the fact that Alaska is a country of volcanoes as well as gold and furs and icebergs. The Pacific coast of the Americas lies along a line of weakness in the earth's crust which is subject to dis-turbances from within. The South American volcances; extending from Terra del Fuego up through the Andes to Central America and Mexico, lie along this line of weakness, and connection with the Alaskan belt is made by the volcances of California, Ore-gon and Washington, which are only re-cently extinct.

and device, lie along this line of weakness, and connection with the Alaskan bett is made by the voicanoes of California, Oregon and Washington, which are only recently extinct.

Within the last hundred years there are authentic records of activity on the part of forty-five voicanoes in Alaska. Of these the great majority are on islands of the Aleutian group, and less than a dozen in all are on the mainland. The belt of present voicanic activity begins on the Copper river near Mount Wrangell and extends westward to Amehitka island. Its length is 1.700 miles, or the distance from Florida to Nova Scotia. Eruptions are likely to occur at any time along this line, and the whole distance is dotted with volcanic cones.

The Allin voicano is 500 miles to the eastward of the so-called volcanic belt, and at various places in the intervening distance are evidences of volcanic action. Volcanoes have been reported in the St. Elias Alps, which in general comprise a section of country as wild and unexplored as there is on the face of the earth to-day, and they have also been reported further north in the interior. At Fort Selkirk, where the Pelly and Lewis rivers unite to form the Yukon; the Indians tell of a burning mountain situated in the unknown region over toward the Macmillan, and the apper ramparts of the Yukon nearby are of lava rock. The Indians also tell of a great volcano at the headwaters of the White river, and for miles along the Lewis there is a deposit of volcanic ash or furnaceous sand which shows in the cut faces of the blums as a beautiful white lime.

The ash strata is commonly covered by a thin layer of soil, though in places it lies on the surface and the forest trees are directly rooted in it. It appears to have fallent ranquilly, much in the manner of snow deposited in a calm atmosphere. The thickness of the large is not places in lies of the cabins, which were built with a double framework of small logs. The miners had been forced to go into winter quarters by the closing of the river at a time when

easily shoveled.

Modern Volcanoes. by telling him of the wonderful water we would find and all the good things we could get to eat. Every step I expected to sink down and die. I could hardly see.
At last we come upon two Germans of the company, who had gone ahead. They were cooking at a tiny fire.
At last we come upon two Germans of the company, who had gone ahead. They were cooking at a tiny fire.
Any water?" asked my husband.

"There's vasser," one said, pointing to a muddy puddle.
The cattle rushed into it, churning up the mud, but we scooped it up and greedily guiped it down our burning, swollen the pot half full of mud, so you can see what that water was like. It was awful stuff, but it saved our lives. A little later we came to a beautiful cold spring. Oh, how good it was. I have always believed Providence placed it there to save us, for It was in such an unlikely place.

A Terrible Struggle.

Sometimes we found water and grass in plenty, but never a thing to eat, save where we tried making acorn bread, and that was a failure. And the slience of it all. At night I would go to beed praying for God to help us through. "Oh," I thought, "if I could only see something to show the end of our journey." But I didn't dare speak of it for fear of alarming the children. But I never lost hope, and faith. I knew before starting we would have to suffer, but my husband that was a failure. And the selence of it and the children. But I never lost hope, and faith. I knew before starting we would have to suffer, but my husband that was a failure. And the children. But I never lost hope, and faith. I knew before starting we were well across a section of the state. "Oh, yes, you will: don't give up," I said to cheer him. The next day he fell off his pony and fied. The men dug a shallow grave with their knives and laid him to rest.

Father Fish said he thought the Lord would bring him through because he came The highest known volcano in Alaska is

west side of Mount St. Augustine was filled and closed. Within a radius of sixty miles there was a fall of four or five inches of volcanic ash.

By far the most remarkable occurrence in the recent volcanic history of Alaska was the creation of two new islands. Bogoslof and Grewingk. Those islands lie in Bering sea only a short distance from Dutch harbor, where the steamers bound for the mouth of the Yukon touch, and they will no doubt some day be included in the tourist's itinerary. The first of these islands to appear was Bogoslof, which, according to Baranoff, the Russian navigator, came into existence in the month of May, 17%. Its birth was heralded by a terrific storm, which continued several days. During this time the sun was never seen by the inhabitants of Unalaska, and the air was full of low rumblings resembling thunder. On the third day the sky became clear very early, and a flame was seen rising from the waves to the westward. North of the flame smoke was observed for ten days. At the end of this time a round, white mass was seen rising out of the sea. During the night a pillar of fire appeared in the same neighborhood, making a brilliant illumination, by the aid of which objects ten miles off were visible. An earthquake shook Unalaska and was accompanied by fearful noises. When sunrise, came the noises ceased, the fire diminished, and the new island was plainly discernible rising in the form of a black cone.

The island continued to gain in height from day to day, but after a month the flames subsided and it was evident that the mass was gradually cooling. Four years later the smoke and steam had ceased to be apparent, and in 1991 the Island was visited by hunters. The soil was then in many places too hot to walk on, and the sea water in the immediate neighborhood was very warm. Two years later there was an eruption of lava which flowed from the summit into the sea on the north side and the cone was broken by great fissures. Up to 1822 the island seems gradually to have grown in size. It was describ

Barren Waste of Alaska. In view of the facts noted it would seen that quite enough eruptive energy had

ing volcano, but such was not the case,

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STORY OF ZOLA'S FLIGHT FROM PARIS TO LONDON REVEALED.

Willing Help of Friends-His Life in English Lodgings-Going About Studying Customs of the Country.

From the New York World.

M. Zola is in London again, after having passed through the city some months ago on his way to the first of the five or six hiding places in the country which he has in succession occupied. His secret has been well kept; the story

of his life and wanderings for the past six months, since he left Paris, is creditable, not only to his friends, but to hundreds of people in humble life who knew him, but have uttered no word of his whereabouts. On July 17, Zola and a friend, M. Des-moulins, drove from Paris to the courtroom in Versailles along the Sevres road in a coupe, some of their friends going out by railway to attend the trial.

When the trial was over, before the

clerk had drawn up his record, M. Labori,

Zola's counsel, approached him as he was talking with friends and said: "Get into your coupe. I will join you. Order the driver in ordinary voice to drive to Medan. We will change the direction on the way, but let us be off. I fear that M. Perivier may keep you long enough to communicate may keep you long enough to communicate the summons."

Then leaning to address the friends who had come out by rail, Labori said: "When we are gone, without seeming to be in a hurry, go to the station, return to Paris, and go home by some roundabout way."

M. Zola shook hands with several people in the courtroom, and in reply to some of them said he was going to Medan to rest two or three days. Then, jumping into the coupe with Labori, he gave the order, "A Medan!" in a firm voice, not overloud, but easily heard by a group of reporters, who looked wise and separated.

Evading the Reporters.

Evading the Reporters. Once out of sight M. Labori bade the

sided in this city, believes he is carrying in his left shoulder a silver thimble that he swallowed forty years ago. He will soon submit to an operation to have the supposed thimble removed.

Forty years ago Miller was a very little fellow. He was playing around his mother's feet while she was doing some sewing. A knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Miller answered it, and when she returned her silver thimble could not be found. The little boy said he had swallowed it, but his story was hardly credited, although nothing more was ever seen of the thimble.

A generation passed away, and Miller began to be troubled with a slight swelling at the back of the left shoulder. Little by little the swelling grew and hardened, and it was supposed that a cancer was growing. He was examined by some deetors, and it was suggested that the trouble might be caused by the long-lost silver thimble. During the last three months it has been possible to move the source of the trouble between the fingers and to be assured that it is a thoroughly hard substance. Mr. Miller and his sister, Miss Lavonia Miller, are now staying in Treat avenue, San Francisco, and they are both convinced that the silver thimble has worked up into his shoulder.

"There can be no doubt," said Miss Miller, "that the little thimble so long lost has been found, although we cannot understand how it could get into his shoulder. The thimble was a very small one, and we believe that my brother's trouble is caused by it." cocher drive to Paris and stop at the cab stand of St. Dauphine, close to the home of certain of Zola's friends, who are not yet

certain of Zola's friends, who are not yet named.

There gathered at this house Mme, Zola, M. Georges Clemenceau and his brother and others, who advised Zola to go away and hide, so that the Versailles verdict could not be communicated to him personally, as the French law requires. Zola, they argued, ought not risk definitive condemation or a second trial.

But Zola was obstinate. He wished to appeal to the court of cassation, and, if the appeal falled, to appear afresh at the Versailles assizes. Finally Mme, Zola took the side of M. Labori and M. Zola took the side of M. Labori and M. Zola took the side of M. Labori and M. Zola yielded.

Mme, Zola went homé to get traveling equipment for her husband, but was too nervous to put her mind to the task.

She soon returned to the house of the conspirators with a bundle which dropped from her trembling fingers and went to pleces on the floor, revealing a nightgown and nothing else. At this the company laughed long and hysterically. A few more toilet articles were hastily supplied, all the gold in the party was given to the fuglitive and some banknotes were sewn into his

gold in the party was given to the fugitive and some banknotes were sewn into his clothes. Then the party drove to the Gare du Nord and bought a ticket for London. "Now when you get to London." said M. Clemenceau, "you will drive to Charing Cross station and"— "But I do not speak English." "Surely you can give directions to a cabman?"

"Surely you can give directions to a cabman?"

"Pas un mot!"—Not a word!

It was true. The foremost realist of the world, man of letters from his youth, could not speak one word of the tongue of the men across the channel. It was delightfully French, but it was also inconvenient.

M. Clemenceau took a card and carefully printed upon it: "Charing Cross Station." and also the name of the country villiage selected for the exile's first hiding place.

When the time came, Zois, who had remained in hiding, got into the train. A friend who had bought the ticket handed it to him and he was off.

In England at Last.

The thimble was a very small one, and we believe that my brother's trouble is caused by it."

Not long ago Mr. Miller decided to have the thimble—or whatever it is—removed. He decided to go to the Cooper Medical college and have it cut out. He went to the college, and as soon as he entered he heard the groans of a man on the operating table. Miller at once concluded that it was more comfortable to carry the thimble around in his shoulder than to submit to the knives of the surgeons on the operating table. He waiked quickly to his wheel, flew away from the hospital, and now his relatives are persuading him to make another attempt.

Some doctors to whom the incident has been told declare that if the thimble shall be found in Miller's shoulder it will be one of the most remarkable things ever chronicled in surgery. Meanwhile Mme. Zola went home and shut herself up in her room. Next day, following instructions, she went out to Me-dan, and from there on successive days to about, and "discovering" M. Zola in dozen different places daily.

When Zola reached London he smile Well Kent Vow of a Prisoner in the

walls one of the strangest characters that ever wore the striped garb of the penitentiary.

When Cunnningham was landed within the walls of San Quentin prison he turned to the sheriff who had conducted him atther from the southern part of the state and swore a heavy solemn oath that no word would escape his lips during the period of his incarceration. Cunningham stood by his oath through the long, weary years of his sentence, and his tongue never loosened until he stepped without the walls yesterday a free man.

Whenever it became necessary for Cunningham to communicate his needs or wants to others he did so in writing or by motions. After being confined in the prison a short time he was thought to be finsane and was sent to the Uklah asylum. There he was confined but a short time, for it was soon ascertained he was in his right mind and merely acting in a stubborn manner. Word was sent to the prison officials, and Guard Mileir was sent to the asylum to bring the prisoner back. When near Santa Rosa he jumped through a car window, but was captured after a hard chase. After his return he still preserved an inviolable silence, and was put into what is known as the crank alley. Here all kinds of influences were brought to bear upon him to cause him to speak, but witnout avail. He also refused to have his hair cut, and when released yesterday morning his hair was measured and was found to be fifty-four inches in length.

When relieved of his prison garb a smile oversproad his countenance. Several people spoke to him, but he only grinned. Once outside the prison gate Cunningham made up for lost time. He condemned every one

When Zola reached London he smiled confidingly up at a big policeman and showed the card of directions which M. Clemenceau had written. Bobby put him in a cab and gave the direction. At the station, he showed the magic card to still another policeman, who helped him buy his ticket and get on the right train.

So, about eighteen hours from the time he left Parls, the fugitive came to a little English villings where nothing had happened for 300 years; and to his lodgings with a landlord whose 12-year-old daughter reads the picture papers.

"Do you know who our visitor is?" she cried, running to her father; "It is M. Zola."

The landlord, who knew the truth, replied:

"You must be mistaken, Kate; but, anyhow, as he has not given his name, you ought not to appear to know it." So the girl held her tongue. Next day the clergyman, who speaks French, called upon Zola and helped him with his purchases without addressing his by name.

In a week everybody knew his name, but no one used it in speaking to him, addressing him simply as "Sir" or "Monseiur." For six weeks he remained unmolested in this peaceful haven. Since then he has been in five different places besides London.

M. Zola is delighted with England and with the delicacy of all sorts of people in respecting his incognito. He has learned to read English newspapers and can converse in broken sentences. Ever a student, he is busily studying the country, the types about him, the laws, the customs of these strange, phiegmatic folk who can keep a secret.

FOR SALE.

Bargains in watches prior to inventory.
Finest nickel adjusted Howard in heavy
like raised ornamented case, with lk blue
white diamond in back case, cost one year white diamond in back case, cost one year ago \$225, now \$85.

A striking watch, by Nathey, cost \$225, now \$80.

A chronograph, by Marlboro, cost \$150, now \$90.

Appleton Tracy, in 60 pennyweight 14k finely ornamented case, with 5k blue white diamond in back case, cost \$155, now \$85.

A fine fifteen jewel nickel Springfield in heavy 14k box case, cost \$155, now \$46.

A fine Elgin movement in heavy solid gold box case, cost \$155, now \$26.

Howard watch for \$10.

Solid gold cases, Elgin movements, diamonds in case, \$22, worth \$40.

Solid silver watches for ladies and boys, \$3.

Filled case and Elgin movement, for ladles, \$7.

H. W. Baymond, in 25 year Boss case.

W. Raymond, in 25 year Boss case

A fine pearl watch, cost \$75, for \$15.
A fine pearl watch, cost \$39, for \$19.
A miniature watch, 18k, cost \$70, for \$29.
A fine 18k shell watch for \$25.
Solid sliver watches, with American flag nlaid on case, 10 jeweled movement, for \$6.
worth \$12.

WANTED-A man that wants to work for a good company; steady position the year around; wages, \$2 per day; business, manufacturing; man must be able to invest \$250; the best of references required and furnished. Address T 535, Journal office. FOR SALE—Elegant white diamonds at from 20 to 50 per cent discount from low prices; see blue marks in window to-day at the Diamond Parlor, 51815 Main st. T. J. TURNER, Agent. A BARGAIN-A fine stock farm of 214 acres, situated near Independence, on good rock road: a snap. For information address W. H. CARMODY, Lock Box 714, Independence, Mo.

and all lived as brothers and sisters thereafter.

"There was one instance of an Englishman, his wife and children who joined the Canterbury Shakers, bringing with them a bit of a girl who was more than half spirit, and at length became wholly that. This child was the daughter of a poor Englishgirl, and the world never knew who her father was. Mother Jessle, her fostermother, hrought her to America, and to this isolated little community in the New Hampshire hills, where all were brothers and sisters, and father and mother only is God.

"She died while I was among them," says the city girl, and there was sorrow in the community.

"The Elderess Dorothy Durgin reminded me of Mrs. Paran Stevens idealized, Dorothy Durgin among women in a city would have ruled them, as she did her sisters in the community of Canterbury. From her fourth year until her death she was a Shaker. She died a few months ago, loyal to the strange principle which hid Ler rare light behind a Shaker bonnet."

The Shakers never marry at all, and never have married. For increase, they depend solely upon converts from among the world's people. These little Shaker communities, which have continued for more than 100 years, and which might seem to be the ideal life of the new woman, gradually are fading away. There are no known evidences that strong men and women are uniting with them to take the place of their dying leaders. FOR SALE-One of the finest fruit farms in Wyandotte county; 45 acres; 12 acres in small fruits; 1,700 trees; choice varieties; \$4,000; reasonable terms. W. T. Hovey, 524 Minnesota ave., Kansas City, Kas. FOR SALE-200 feet on Eleventh street; price only \$5 a foot; bargains all over the sity. Money to loan. W. H. Bigger, 517 Minnesota avenue, Kansas City, Kas. FOR SALE—Two small tracts, of 15 and 16 acres, both well improved, lying between Independence and Kansas City. See these, J. F. BUCHANAN, Independence, Mo. about it."
"Is it as interesting as that?" I asked.
"Oh, no," said she, "but I belong to the
D. D. D. club."
"And what's that?"
"Why," she made answer, it's a club of
women who have sworn never to talk of
dress, domestics or diseases."

PERSONAL-Notice blue marks on all

lor, 9181/2 Main st. T. J. TURNER, Agent.

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SWAMP-ROOT Is the Great Remedy for Kidney, Bladder, and Uric Acid Troubles .- To Prove for Yourself Its Wonderful Merits, You May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely FREE by Mail.

You can waste health without knowing it, and poor health almost always begins in the kidneys.

The most important organs of the whole body are the kidneys.

They filter your blood and keep it pure. People are apt to believe that kidney discase is rather a rare disease, but recent discoveries have proved that it is a most common trouble indeed.

And the proof of this is that most diseases, perhaps 85 per cent, are caused in the beginning by disorders of the kidneys.

You can't be sick if your blood is pure, free from kidney polson and disease-breeding germs.

You can waste health without knowing work, the symptoms which prove it to you are backache, headache, sediment in the urine, scalding irritation in passing it, obliged to go often during the day and to get up many times at night, dismines, irregular heart, bladder or urle acid troubles, rheumatism, neuragin, sleeplesanes, nervousness, irritability, sallow complexion, bloating, dropsy, tired feeling, loss of energy and ambitlon.

Swamp-Root is a vegetable remedy, the great discovery of Dr. Klimer (the eminent kidney and bladder specialist), and has truly free from kidney polson and disease-breeding germs.

You can't be sick if your blood is pure, free from kidney polson and disease-breeding germs.

Your kidneys should keep it so. That's what they are there for. And as long as they are well, they perform their duties with thoroughness and dispatch.

You are well when your kidneys are.
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. The best proof of this is a trial, and nothing could be fairer than the offer to send a sample of this great discovery for this great discovery for this great discovery for the they are sick.

To get the sample and a book that tells more about this interesting subject (and containing some of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from such these things weaken your kidneys and poisonous germs begin to creep into your blood.

It is at just such times that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is needed.

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Seminal Weakness and Sexual Debility, (Source Language La

producing losses, pimples and blotches on the face, rushes of blood to head, pains in beek, contrased ideas and forgetfulness, bashfulness, aversion to society, loss of sexual power, loss of manhood, &c., cured for life. I can stop all night losses, restore lost sexual power, restore acre and brain power, enlarge and strengthen weak parts and make you it for marriage.

Syphilis, that terrible disease, in all its
Syphilis, that terrible disease, aversion to society disease, sexual power, loss of
society disease, sexual power, loss of sexual powe

Free Museum of Anatomy For Men Only. Replete with thousands of curiosities. The life-like models and wax figures deeply impress the mind;—a school of instruction—a sermon without words.

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